Human AU: Death.

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Title: Human AU: Death.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Angelcest, smut.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel/Lucifer, Michael, Raphael.
Word Count: 2,189 words.
Summary: Lucifer tries explaining things, Gabriel asks too many questions, and the walls are far too thin for Michael's comfort.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt death being used for this one. Nineteen down, eleven to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Gabriel twiddles his thumbs, watching Lucifer sit down, and he tries to put everything he does know together.

First off, they're all named after angels. That's pretty big, he thinks. Either overly religious parents or something weirder...it does make him wonder. What about nicknames? Who's to say he's not George, or Gandalf?

On second thought, not Gandalf. He's not a Gandalf, he knows that already. And after a moment of thought, he's not a George either. Too awesome for that, he thinks.

He does pause to note that he's definitely confident. Not that he minds being confident, it's just something else to prod at, to see if it's actually a part of his personality or just a reaction to the lack of memories.

Gabriel can't explain that yet, but he knows that he wants to analyze himself, see what's under his hood, so to speak. As he doesn't know who he was, and hey, if any loose memories tumble out, so much the better.

Lucifer starts talking, and Gabriel makes himself pay attention.

"We're brothers," Lucifer starts.

"You said that," Gabriel reminds him, before he can stop himself.

"I did," Lucifer confirms, giving him a stern look. "Be quiet."

Gabriel grumbles - he doesn't like that tone, and he definitely doesn't like doing what Lucifer wants him to do - but he quiets down.

"Neither one of you may believe me, but I assure you, this is true," Lucifer says, and Gabriel thinks he might need to revise his opinion on the whole angel names thing. He has a feeling that Lucifer's not going to lie to them.

"We are, or rather, were, angels. Specifically, our names. I don't know how much you know, or think you know about that subject."

"Not much," Raphael admits, frowning.

"Whatever I know might not line up with what you're thinking, so tell us what you know," Gabriel says, and puts his chin on his hands, curious.

He admits it to himself: he likes seeing Lucifer tense up and look all nervous like that. Whatever it is that Lucifer's yet to tell them, it's something that troubles him. Gabriel knows it's somewhat mean of him to like that, but he can't help it, it's fun to watch.

"There is a God," Lucifer says.

Gabriel doesn't even know what to say to that. He wants to quip 'okay, and?' or something but...but something deep down inside of him is telling him that yes, yes Lucifer is telling the truth, yes, Gabriel *knows* this is true.

"He's dead," Raphael mutters, then stares at them, wide-eyed.

Gabriel thinks he didn't mean to say that.

"He's not," Lucifer says, and Gabriel doesn't understand why he sounds bitter about it.

Gabriel can see silence beginning to set in as Lucifer isn't continuing and Raphael still looks shocked by his words.

"Okay, and? What about Him?" Gabriel frowns. He hadn't meant to say it as if he were reverent, and okay. Something's fishy about this. Lucifer doesn't even seem to be noticing the reverence, as if he's used to hearing it.

They couldn't really have been angels, right?

"I would prefer not to tell the entire story again," Lucifer says, and before Gabriel can speak he goes on. "I'll summarize. We once served Him, in Heaven. Laugh and I'll destroy you where you stand," He glares at Gabriel, who had gotten as far as opening his mouth this time, and then he goes on. "A disagreement between us...between me and most of Heaven...developed. I doubt I need to explain which side God sided with. I doubt I need to explain what happened after that."

"Actually," Gabriel says, "I think you do. Because if you're the Devil, then what on earth are we doing here living together? And why are we humans? And on top of that, why have me and Raphael forgotten this stuff?"

"...Michael was right. You do talk too much."

"Oh, and I didn't before?"

"Before you understood the value of remaining silent!" Lucifer snaps, then visibly calms himself. "The Apocalypse has been aborted. Raphael was the only archangel to remain in Heaven after that conflict. Michael and I were imprisoned in Hell. Neither side had what could be called a victory."

"And what about me?" Gabriel asks, and knows he's going to regret asking the moment the words leave his mouth.

Lucifer is silent for a long moment, studying him, then leans forward. "You were slain by my hand, and had not God intervened between now and then, you would still be but ash upon the ground."

Gabriel opens and closes his mouth, then leans back.

"Does that answer your questions?"

"We're here because of God," Raphael says, and Gabriel feels grateful to him.

"Yes," Lucifer says. "I expect that I will lose my memory next, and then Michael. I do not know what will happen after that."

There is silence in the room as Lucifer drains his glass of water, leaves to fill it, and returns.

Gabriel watches him, and can't say what's he's feeling. Dead? Him?

By Lucifer's hand...does this mean he's not safe if he stays here? Does this mean Lucifer would do it again, if provoked? What had Gabriel done to provoke him in the first place?

Dead? Gabriel lowers his glass to the floor and leans back in the chair, lacing his fingers so he can try to pretend that his hands aren't shaking.

"Is there something I can do to help you?" Raphael asks, and Gabriel shrugs at him, watching the ceiling.

"It's not every day that you're told you're dead, Raphael," he says. "I'll be fine soon, don't worry about it."

"Perhaps you shouldn't have asked that question," Raphael says quietly.

"Like I can get rid of my natural curiosity, sure," Gabriel snaps, then shakes his head. "Sorry. Hey, do you think that if I had my memory back I could remember what being dead felt like?"

Lucifer clears his throat.

"What do you want?" Gabriel asks.

"Do you have any further questions?"

Gabriel almost asks him about dinner, but no. He watches the ceiling and doesn't answer, still thinking.

Still wary of Lucifer.

"Thank you for the information," Raphael says softly. "I'm going to check on Michael now."

He hears footsteps, and looks, and there goes Raphael.

"...Just you and me now, huh?" Gabriel says, and moves to get up.

Lucifer is in front of him.

"Ack!" Gabriel startles, because when did Lucifer get up? When did he get this close?

"You're afraid of me," Lucifer says softly. "Don't be. I have no reason to kill you here, and plenty of excellent reasons for keeping you alive."

"Do you have any idea how threatening that sounds?"

Lucifer blinks at him, and Gabriel stares back.

"You really don't, then."

Lucifer doesn't seem to understand what personal space means, either, Gabriel thinks, as they are standing too close together. He's sure Lucifer's got a lot of even weirder quirks that Gabriel hasn't seen yet, but this one is annoying him right here and now, especially when he's still feeling unsteady from Lucifer's sudden switch from annoyed information giver to *incredibly creepy*.

And threatening. Can't forget threatening.

"Okay, you need to stay two large steps back from me," Gabriel says.

"No," Lucifer says, and puts two fingers on Gabriel's chest, just under the ribs. "This was the location of the wound."

"You're creeping me out, you know that?"

"I didn't want to do it," Lucifer says softly. "But circumstances forced my hand."

"Right. Circumstances. Can we stop talking about my death now?" Gabriel asks, and winces as he asks, because saying it so plainly just sounds so wrong.

"Yes," Lucifer says, and then he kisses him. He bites, but not too hard, and Gabriel is finding himself kissing back before his thoughts can catch up with his lips.

"Wha - what was *that*?"

"Don't you know what a kiss is?" Lucifer asks, and Gabriel can hear amusement in his voice.

"I know what it is!" Gabriel says, watching him. "But - why?"

"Because," Lucifer pauses briefly. "I do not want you to feel threatened by me. Not here."

"So you're going to try sex," Gabriel says, and licks his lips. "You know, that's actually not a bad idea."

Lucifer kisses him again, sliding his hand down from Gabriel's chest to his hip, and Gabriel can't stop a shiver as a ghostly pain lances through him, and that...that more than anything makes him kiss Lucifer back harder, makes him grip at Lucifer's shirt as he *knows* with a sudden certainty that Lucifer hadn't been lying; Gabriel had once been dead.

Lucifer pulls him closer, deepening the kiss, and Gabriel slips his tongue into Lucifer's mouth to taste, hums as Lucifer licks back.

Physical distraction is very good, he decides, and takes some intiative, pushing Lucifer back into the couch, leaning over him as they break the kiss for air, noses nearly bumping as Lucifer fumbles with his pants and Gabriel gets a sudden idea of what he wants to do here.

He jerks Lucifer's pants open and pushes them down as Lucifer pushes his hips up to give them room to slide down and then Gabriel has him bared, and Gabriel grins, laughing to himself as he kneels between Lucifer's legs and takes him into his mouth.

If Lucifer has killed him, then perhaps Gabriel can repay him with a little death.

He's awkward for seconds as he adjusts to the actual position of trying to suck on Lucifer's cock, but then he figures how to tilt his head and *there.* Gabriel doesn't want to

try anything fancy, but Lucifer's moaning now, and a hand is gripping at his hair, and Gabriel tries for moving his tongue to see if he can make Lucifer moan more.

Lucifer gasps his name from somewhere above him and Gabriel puts a hand on Lucifer's thigh to try to steady him, and he wraps his other hand around Lucifer's length, gripping him loosely as he licks at the tip. Gabriel tilts his head up to look at Lucifer for a moment, to take in the sight of Lucifer flushed and touseled and Gabriel thinks he should kiss him harder next time, see if he can't bruise his lips.

But he has business at hand, and he bends back down to take Lucifer in again, sucking at his tip and sliding his hand up and down, and listening to Lucifer cry out above him.

Lucifer comes with a muffled cry (is he covering his mouth? Gabriel can't look up to see yet) and Gabriel nearly chokes as he tries swallowing.

He climbs up onto the couch next to Lucifer and goes to unbutton his own pants, eyes on Lucifer and how overwhelmed he looks like this. He takes himself in hand, grins at Lucifer as he begins to pump himself, fast, willing to have this over quickly before Lucifer pulls himself together and -

Lucifer runs his fingers over Gabriel's tip, and Gabriel can't help but jerk forward at the unexpected touch, moaning before he can stop himself.

Gabriel can't say that he minds that Lucifer doesn't do anything more, just runs two fingers over his tip and watches him as he does so, and Gabriel can't say anything then as he comes, spilling over his hand and feeling warm and *good* and -

Lucifer kisses him again, and when he leans back he's grinning.

"Do you feel threatened now?" Lucifer asks, resting a hand on Gabriel's knee.

"I feel like I need a shower," Gabriel answers, and laughs at Lucifer's scowl.

"Except that you don't know where the shower is," Lucifer counters.

"Well, yeah, but you're going to show me now, right?"

Lucifer shakes his head and gets up, dragging his pants up but not fastening them. "Come along," He says, and Gabriel scrambles to follow without tripping over his own garments.

"Raphael," Michael says, watching the window, seated on his bed.

"Yes?" Raphael asks, seated next to him, feeling somewhat awkward.

"They may be family but I *don't* like them."

Raphael winces as he hears another shout. "I understand. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have left them alone."

"It's too late for regrets now, I think," Michael says, and stands up. (He can pretend that Raphael is Raphael like this, if Raphael's quiet for long enough.)

Raphael watches him cross to the window, quiet, then watches as Michael turns around.

"I know a way to prevent the shower from having warm water," Michael says, and Raphael frowns, not following yet. "Come with me and help me finish it before they try to clean up."

"Okay?" Raphael says, and follows as Michael hurries out of the room, wondering at his sudden urge to say 'Yes, sir,' when Michael asks him to do something.

Then again, it's not the strangest urge he's had since he apparently forget everything, and he *knows* he can rely on his instinct when it tells him to trust Michael.

Because he does trust Michael. Even if he doesn't remember much about him yet.

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